

M'Caskill--BLEVINS NEWS--Tokio

Blacks Correspondent
REV. W. J. WHITESIDE
McCaskill Correspondent
MRS. CLARENCE STOKES

Blevins Telephone System Repaired

Company Operates Three Exchanges in South Arkansas

The Midwest States Utilities Telephone company, which owns and operates three telephone exchanges in South Arkansas, at Prescott, Blevins and Waterloo, the only three in this state, have had a force of workmen in Blevins for the past week remodeling the entire system.

All poles formerly used by the company in Blevins have been removed and replaced with Black Diamond poles with new cross arms and insulators.

New wire has also been used in many places, thereby giving Blevins as good a telephone system as can be found in a much larger town.

This work is being done under the supervision of D. W. Wells, formerly of Tyler, Tex., who will make Prescott headquarters when the remodeling work on the three systems is completed. Mr. Wells has a force of three expert linemen on the reconstruction project at Blevins.

The Blevins telephone exchange is operated by Miss Lule and Miss Lola McLarty and is located in the Dr. Arlington residence.

Belton News

Sunday school and B. Y. F. U. were well attended here Sunday.

Miss Velma Colley of Foreman arrived last week for a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Eley.

Mrs. Mary Roberts had as guests last week her sister from Durant, Okla., and Hot Springs, Ark.

Several from this community have been attending the revival at Doyle the past week.

Miss Maude Kemp of Nashville is visiting her aunt Mrs. L. O. Compton. Little Catherine Dotson of Nashville is visiting her cousin, Miss Leta Daniel this week.

The Tokio baseball team won a game over our team Saturday evening.

Henry Compton was visiting his brother, L. O. Compton Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Eley and daughter Louise, attended the Baptist revival in Nashville Friday night.

Oris and Coy Dotson of Nashville, are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Dotson, this week.

Fred Daniel is visiting relatives here this week.

Miss Obara Thompson and children returned home last week after spending several days with her grandmother, Mrs. Bullock of Sutton.

Blevins Personals

Rev. W. J. Whiteside, pastor of the Blevins Methodist church is in Hot Springs for the treatment of boils. He is reported to be recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Thomas announced the arrival of a baby daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stewart and family were visitors in Hope Sunday afternoon.

Friends of M. G. Crane, owner and proprietor of the M. G. Crane Service Station at Ozan will regret to know that he has been confined to his room for several days on account of illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Warshaw of Hope were visiting relatives at McCaskill Monday.

J. P. Hanson of Nashville route 6 was a business visitor in McCaskill Monday afternoon.

Goodie Peterson of Prescott who travels for the Gibson Grocery company, was a business caller at both McCaskill and Blevins Monday afternoon.

K. B. Spears Grows Delicious Peaches

Two Elbertas Weigh 31 Ounces--Tree Produces About Fifty

Two of the most luscious peaches ever shown in Hope were presented to a representative of the Star Monday by K. B. Spears on whose trees the fruit grew.

Mr. Spears has a small orchard for home use and every year or so adds a few more young trees to his orchard. The tree from which these peaches were picked bore for the first time this year. It produced between 40 and 50 peaches. All of good quality and many of them, including the two mentioned above were exceptionally fine.

The two weighed 31 ounces, and no artist could have painted a more beautiful picture as to color and form. Two other peaches from the same tree were preserved whole in a jar of alcohol. Mr. Spears expects to keep these for display purposes as it may be many years before he will have as good peaches from this tree and in any year he will not have any that will be better than those grown this year.

Non-Blushing Potatoes Best For Chip-Making

WASHINGTON--(P)--Potatoes that "blush" the least when subjected to chemical test make the best potato chips and "French fries," a department of agriculture has found.

The relative redness of the "blush" shows the amount of soluble sugars in the potato.

The "blush" is produced when the potato is heated in a solution of picric acid made alkaline with sodium carbonate. If the solution turns a deep red, it shows much sugar is present and the potatoes are unsuitable for chip-making.

If the "blush" is only a light pink, however, good chips can be made from the potatoes under test.

A group of children playing on a sidewalk in New York were shot the other day by gangsters.

Walker, however, has declared himself unequivocally against that sort of thing.

State Crop Report

LITTLE ROCK--(P)--Nature has atoned for the devastating drouth of last year through having produced uniformly excellent crops which on August 1 were given an 81.2 per cent of normal, or 10 points above the 10-year average and 40 points above last year. Charles S. Bouton, federal-state crop statistician, revealed in figures today.

Every commercial crop in the state on August 1 was in better condition than for the same date in 1933, and the estimated yields for several crops are greatly in excess of yields for the past four or five years.

Corn has the best outlook since 1920. The estimated yield this year is 44,413,000 bushels, or 22 bushels an acre, compared with a final yield last year of 47 bushels an acre, or a total of 8,404,000.

Alfalfa, another feed crop, has an indicated yield of 161,000 tons, compared with 76,000 tons in 1933 and 81,000 tons in 1929. There have been three cuttings already over most of the state.

Peach production, the report said, will equal or exceed the earlier estimate of 3,000 carloads, and may equal the 1928 record of 4,000 carloads. The indicated yield is 3,326,000 bushels, compared with 84,000 last year and 2,373,000 bushels in 1929.

The indicated yield for apples is 3,774,000 bushels, compared with 1,700,000 last year and 2,476,000 in 1929.

The condition of the rice crop on August 1 was 85 per cent of normal, with an indicated yield of 7,990,000 bushels, compared with 7,712,000 last year and 8,310,000 in 1929.

The condition of other crops was given as follows:

Winter wheat--estimated yield, 465,000 bushels, compared with 273,000 in 1933 and 334,000 in 1929.

Oats--Estimated yield, 5,479,000, compared with 2,750,000 bushels last year and 4,382,000 in 1929.

Tame hay--Estimated yield, 720,000 tons, compared with 441,000 tons last year and 635,000 in 1929.

Wild hay--Estimated yield 163,000 tons, compared with 81,000 tons last year and 120,000 tons in 1929.

Sorghum--Estimated production, 2,720,000 gallons, compared with 782,000 gallons in 1933 and 2,833,000 in 1929.

Sugar cane--Estimated yield, 268,000 gallons, compared with 108,000 gallons last year and 233,000 in 1929.

Potatoes--Estimated yield, 4,057,000 bushels, compared with 2,805,000 last year and 2,196,000 in 1929.

Sweet potatoes--Estimated yield, 3,900,000 bushels, compared with 1,904,000 bushels last year and 3,075,000 in 1929.

Pears--Estimated yield, 124,900 bushels, compared with 65,000 last year and 96,000 in 1929.

Grapes--Estimated yield, 15,410,000 tons, compared with 12,650,000 tons last year and 10,240,000 the year before.

Pecans were at 73 per cent normal condition on August 1, compared with 42 per cent on the same date last year and 62 per cent in 1929.

Mr. Bouton said the grape harvest will be from 10 to 15 days later this year than usual.

County Road Men Install Culverts

Road Between Ozan and McCaskill in Good Shape for Winter

Several new culverts have been put in by the county road force on the road between Ozan and McCaskill during the past week.

Some work has been done on this road all summer and it now ranks among the leading rural roads of the county.

Sawmill at Blevins Resumes Operation

Ward and Brooks to Cut Several Small Bills of Lumber

M. J. Ward and Charles Brooks, Blevins sawmill men resumed operation of their plant Tuesday, after having been shut down for some time. They have several small bills of lumber to cut for farmers and Blevins business men. It is not known how long the mill will operate.

IN THE HEMPSTEAD CHANCERY COURT

ST. LOUIS JOINT STOCK LAND BANK OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, A CORPORATION, PLAINTIFF VS. WARREN QUINCY COUCH, ET AL DEFENDANTS

THE PLAINTIFFS, WARREN QUINCY COUCH and Katie Catherine Couch, and each of them, are hereby warned to appear in this court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff herein.

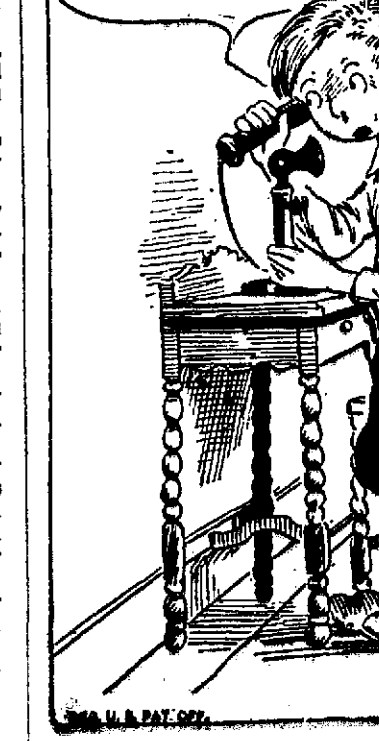
WITNESS my hand and seal of said court this 1st day of August, 1934.

(SEAL) WILLIE HARRIS Clerk of Hempstead Chancery Court

Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24.

OUT OUR WAY

OH, MRS. P. OH YEH, SHE'S HERE, BUT YOU'LL HAFTA WAIT A MINUTE, TILL SHE WIPES HER FEET-- SHE'S SOAKIN' HER CORNS IN TH' KITCHIN, CUZ MY SISTERS GOT TH' BATH ROOM. OH, MISS--YOU WANT MISS? OH YEH--I KNOW SHE'S HERE--I HEAR HER MACHINE RUNNIN'--OH, NO--NOT A' AUTO--A MACHINE FER REDUCIN' HIPS 'N' STUFF--



Negro Farmer Is Wounded By Wife

Officer and Physician Fail to Locate Couple at Home

A. Tallet, negro farmer living two miles South of Blevins was shot in the arm Sunday afternoon with a pistol in the hands of his wife.

As far as can be learned the nature of the trouble between Tallet and his wife has not been divulged.

Officers and a physician called at the home Monday but failed to find the couple.

In the Hempstead Chancery Court Mac Bell Jones, Plaintiff vs. George Sherman Jones, Defendant

WARNING ORDER

The defendant, George Sherman Jones, is hereby warned to appear in this court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Mac Bell Jones.

Given under my hand and the seal of this court the 3rd day of Aug. 1934.

WILLIE HARRIS, Clerk of the Chancery Court. (Aug. 3-10-17-24.)

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, as executor of the estate of George Casey, deceased, will apply to the Probate Court of Hempstead County, Arkansas, on the first Monday in September, 1934, or on any day thereafter that said court is in session, for authority to sell all the lands and lots belonging to the estate of said George Casey, or so much thereof as may be necessary, said lands being situated in Hempstead County, Arkansas, and described as follows, to-wit:

Begin at the intersection of the west line of South Walnut Street in the City of Hope, Arkansas; with the north line of the South One-third of the Southwest Quarter of the Northeast Quarter (S 1-3 SW 1-4 NW 1-4) of Section 33, Township 12 South, Range 24 West, and run thence west 323 feet to the east line of South Main Street, thence southerly along the east line of South Main Street 100 feet, thence east 142 feet, run thence southerly and parallel to the east line of South Main Street 50 feet, run thence west 142 feet to the east line of said Main Street, run thence southerly along the east line of said Main Street to a point on the north boundary line of the Warren property, run thence east along the north line of the Warren property 142 feet, run thence southerly and parallel to Main Street 50 feet, run thence west and along the south line of the Warren property 142 feet to a point on said east line of South Main Street, run thence southerly along said east line of South Main Street 10 feet, run thence east 323 feet to a point on the west line of said South Walnut Street, run thence northerly along said west line of South Walnut Street about 250 feet back to the point of beginning.

Said sale will be made for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate.

GEORGE PATRICK CASEY, Executor of the Estate of George Casey, Deceased

Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24.

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of James H. McCollum, deceased, will apply to the Probate Court of Hempstead County, Arkansas, on the first Monday in September, 1934, or on any day thereafter that said court is in session, for authority to sell all the lands and lots belonging to said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary, situated in the counties of Hempstead and Pulaski, State of Arkansas, and for a particular description of said lands and lots reference is herein made to the title deeds to the same and to the inventory of the property of said estate now on file in the office of the clerk of said court.

Said sale will be made for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate.

R. P. ARNOLD, Administrator of the Estate of James H. McCollum, Deceased

Aug. 1, 8, 15, 22.

WARNING ORDER

No. 2437. In the Hempstead Chancery Court. The Federal Land Bank of St. Louis, Plaintiff vs. Willie Jones, et al. Defendants

The defendants, I. L. Pomeroy, Mrs. I. L. Pomeroy, C. H. Perrey, Mrs. C. H. Perrey, G. J. Ratliff, Mrs. G. J. Ratliff, are warned to appear in this court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, herein.

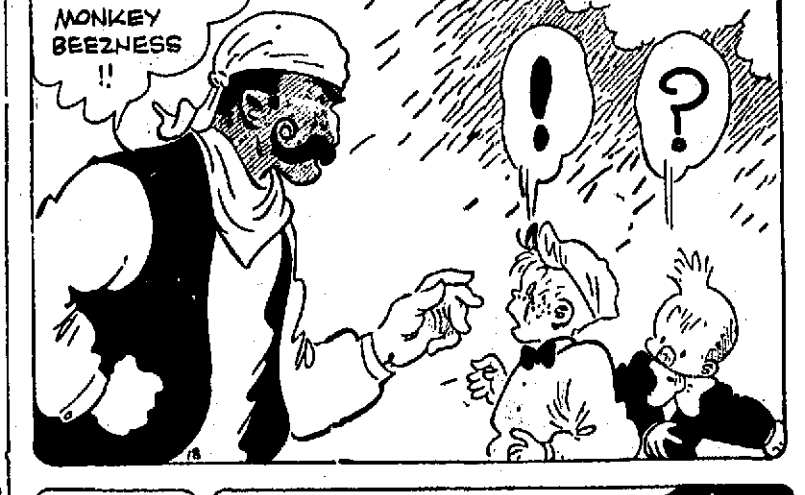
Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 31st day of July 1934. (Seal) WILLIE HARRIS, Clerk. (Aug. 1-8-15-22)

Freckles and His Friends By Blosser

WELL, I GUESS WE'RE ALL RESTED UP NOW... SO LET'S GET GOING... GEE UNCLE JOHN MUST BE WORRIED TO DEATH ABOUT US, BY THIS TIME!!



JUST A MINUTE! WE'LL ALL THREE GO BACK TO MY CAMP!! AN' NO WHATCHACALLIT... MONKEY BEEZNESS!!



CAREFULLY SEARCHING EVERY PIECE OF GROUND, TO PICK UP A TRACE OF THE BOYS, UNCLE JOHN IS SUDDENLY STARTLED



YES, I HEARD IT... SOUNDED ALMOST LIKE A COYOTE!!

run thence southerly along the east line of South Main Street 100 feet, thence east 142 feet, run thence southerly and parallel to the east line of South Main Street 50 feet, run thence west 142 feet to the east line of said Main Street, run thence southerly along the east line of said Main Street to a point on the north boundary line of the Warren property, run thence east along the north line of the Warren property 142 feet, run thence southerly and parallel to Main Street 50 feet, run thence west and along the south line of the Warren property 142 feet to a point on said east line of South Main Street, run thence southerly along said east line of South Main Street 10 feet, run thence east 323 feet to a point on the west line of said South Walnut Street, run thence northerly along said west line of South Walnut Street about 250 feet back to the point of beginning.

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Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 31st day of July 1934. (Seal) WILLIE HARRIS, Clerk. (Aug. 1-8-15-22)

GULF

G--ood to the last drop. U--surpassed as a motor fuel. L--asts longer than ordinary gas. F--ull of pep. There are more satisfied users of Gulf Gasoline than any other brand--.

Try a Tank or a Gallon

M. G. CRANE Service Station 1/4 Mile South Ozan--Highway No. 4

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Heart of Liane

CHAPTER XLVIII

Liane wished that the music would never stop. Never again would she be so young and so fair and so lover-like. Her joy was mixed with the faintest touch of sadness making it perfect.

"I can't eat anything after that. It makes me feel like a monster."

She looked at her coat around her neck. She drifted away, glances following them as they passed.

"The great foyer of the hotel," she said, "I saw a face the knew. Immediately she put out her hand. 'McDermid. How nice to see you.'"

"The big man in the brown suit," she said. "Well, well! It isn't Miss McDermid any more, is it?"

"That now."

"She shook hands with Shane. 'I haven't forgotten that you saved our lives.'"

"Liane laughed booming. 'I'm nothing at all. I was on my feet.'"

"Liane said. 'I often wondered how you knew what was going on. You came out from town, didn't you?'"

"Liane interposed swiftly. She knew instinctively that if Shane answered fully Tressa's name was bound to arise. She felt a generous impulse to shield her vanquished rival.

"The lieutenant is much too clever to tell us how he works," she laughed, giving him a swift, warning glance. Shane dropped his eyes.

"Do you mind if I leave you for a bit?" Liane asked. "Want to telephone the garage to send the car over?"

"Liane sat down in one of the deep chairs under the palms. Through the fringe of her long lashes she looked shyly at this big man who had played so odd a part in her life. "I owe you a great deal, Shane McDermid," she said.

"He looked uncomfortable. 'Not at all, not at all.' He brightened. 'You don't mind me saying this--but you're happy, aren't you?'"

"She nodded. "Oh, awfully. Why should I mind? You've been one of my best friends."

"I'm glad. Young girls now-a-days, most of them, don't seem to know what they're after." He laughed.

"You're not married yet?" Her mannerly air was amusing.

"I'm not. I've had no luck with the ladies. The ones I meet in my business are not the marrying kind."

"She smiled at him. 'You'll find one. You deserve one of the best.'"

"Liane came back. They said good-bye to the shrew-eyed policeman in the business suit.

"I'm not at all sure I liked the way he looked at you, Mrs. Closspaugh," Liane said banteringly on the homeward ride.

"What?" She had forgotten all about McDermid. She was thinking of other things.

Clive slipped his arm under her shoulder. "Our Celtic friend. He looked as if he'd like to eat you up."

"Idiot. That's your imagination."

"Laxly Clive inquired. 'However did you meet him, Liane? You never told me.'"

"She gave a little start. Ought she to tell him? Ought she to go back to that night a year ago when a silly, pleasure-loving young girl had pined with terror and tears for an innocent enough adventure? No, she decided she would not. The old Liane Barrett of the shabby clothes and timorous pleasures was gone forever. The woman in her place was strong and loving and wise.

"Shane McDermid would never tell. He knew what an ignorant child she had been. He had helped her out of a bad place. She was eternally grateful to him for it.

"So she evaded her husband's question. "Oh, I just met him around," she murmured. "He is the cousin of a girl I used to know. She lived downstairs."

"He's a good fellow," Clive said. "Like to do something for him."

"So should I," Liane agreed, with heartfelt emphasis.

Then both forgot Shane McDermid completely.

ON a day two years later two charmingly dressed young women came into a big room with a polished floor. A bevy of laughing girls stood around the tea table, presided over by a handsome woman whose once-blond hair showed streaks of gray.

"Please give me some tea," the one in blue pleaded of the woman behind the big urn. Her tone made the other look up suddenly.

"Muriel Ladd!" she began, half-laughing in her surprise.

The girl in blue began to chatter animatedly. "I think this is the most marvelous idea," she cried. "I've been reading about it in the papers. Mrs. Waring, one of your trustees, is a friend of mine. She asked me to come."

"I'm so glad you did," Cass Barrett said warmly. She relinquished her place to one of the girls and said, "Let me show you some of our rooms. They're lovely. I'm house mother, you know, and maybe I don't love it. I think perhaps I'm better as a house mother than I was as an actress."

Muriel protested but the other woman pointed ruefully to the streaks of gray in her hair.

"I was out of the ingenue class by miles," she said, "and it's rather nice not to hear 'You're not the type' from a casting office any more. Although," she smiled, "I still am an old fire horse in this at least. I do get excited when our girls put on 'As You Like It' and I smell grease paint once more."

She led her guests from cubicle to cubicle. The rooms were miracles of neatness and ingenuity. There was charm, too, in the cluttered corners. The little scraggy beds, the dormitory stiffness here. It was a place any girl might like to call home.

Muriel praised everything. Then she asked with interest. "How are the young marrieds? I've been west with my husband. Haven't had news of them in ages."

Cass boomed. "Hain't you heard? They got back in April after nearly a year abroad. Last month their little girl was born. She's a pet. You must go to see Liane. She's radiant."

Muriel was all interest. "A girl? What's she called?"

"Luisa for my sister."

Muriel looked up at the bronze plaque over the door of the main drawing room. "It's in her honor the club was founded, isn't it?"

The plaque read, "Luisa Barrett House."

Cass' face brightened. "It's a perfect memorial. Luisa'll never be forgotten so long as there are girls working in this big city."

"There's a happy woman," Muriel's friend said loudly as they got into a taxicab and whirled away. "Refreshingly so."

"If it won't be too much for you I'll take you to see another happy one," Muriel announced.

"Lead on."

THE maid who answered their ring at the stone-framed house in the east Seventies and Mrs. Closspaugh was in. She would take the card up.

Muriel surveyed the drawing room with interest. "She does herself nicely, doesn't she?" drawled the friend.

"It's very good indeed," said Muriel, noting the mellow patina on the Queen Anne chair, the subtle melting together of the colors of wall and fabric.

"Mrs. Closspaugh wishes to know if you would mind coming up," the servant inquired sedately a moment later. "She has been lying down. This is her first day up."

They followed up the parrow staircase and into an apartment of pastel tints and fragile French furniture, a room which seemed the perfect setting for the girl on the low couch.

"How nice of you to come," she smiled to Muriel. "I'm still having to be lazy. Doctor's orders."

They kissed after the fashion of women who have not met for a long time. The languid caller accompanying Mrs. Desmond sat down to blow cigarette rings casually as they talked of matters which only faintly interested her.

"May I see the baby?" Muriel begged. Liane touched a bell rope at her side and a starbush Scotch nurse carried in a mite smelling of warm dandel and talcum powder.

"Isn't she precious?" Muriel demanded. The languid lady of the smoke rings agreed.

"Curious things, babies," she observed. "Never could understand them."

Liane laughed. "They don't need to be understood. Only need to be fed and washed at this infant's age, at any rate."

The nurse looked daggers at the cigarette, held in such dangerous juxtaposition to her charge.

"I don't think the air in here is good for her, madame," the nurse said stiffly. Liane laughed. "Take her out, Nana. We won't contaminate her if we can help it."

She whispered, "She's a terror but a wonderful nurse. I don't know whether I shall keep her or not when I'm stronger."

Muriel looked utterly scandalized. "You wouldn't take charge of the baby yourself?"

"I might even do that. Why not? I think baby tending ought to be a fashionable thing."

"How does Clive like her?"

"He adores her. You'd think no one had ever had a child before."

"He laughed once more, crushing out her cigarette in a tray. "Muriel, I hate to break up the party, but honestly I must rush. Dining early tonight." They left in a feminine flurry of promises and half made engagements.

"What can women see in that maternal stuff?" mused the languid one. "It bores me."

Muriel halted a taxi. "Dunno," she said, thoughtfully. "There may be something in it. You never can tell."

SHE might have thought there was a little later. If she had seen young Mrs. Closspaugh unlock his door, take those narrow steps two at a time, and rush headlong into the room where his wife lay. No languor could have been proof against the embrace he gave her nor the look of tribute he paid her fragile loveliness.

He said in a troubled voice. "Howells told me when I called that you had a headache. I rushed straight home--"

"It was nothing. I stayed up too long this morning. I'll go slow the rest of the week."

"Darling, promise me you will!" She took his head between her two slim hands. "Fussbudget!" she said.

There was an interval and then she told him, "Muriel Desmond was here today. She liked our child."

Jealously he demanded, "Why wouldn't she? Luisa's perfect. Like her mother."

Liane laid her cheek against her husband's. "Darling, sometimes I'm frightened. It's all so perfect. Do you suppose you'll always feel this way? I should die if you ever stopped caring--"

Stoutly he cried, "But I never shall. I shall love you forever and ever."

She laughed, exultant, but there were tears in her eyes.

(THE END)